

THE
AFFECTIONS
OF A PIOUS
SOULE,
UNTO OUR
Saviour-Christ.

Expressed in a mixt Treatise
of Verse and Prose.

By *Richard Flecknoe.*

LONDON,
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Brooke*, dwelling at the upper end of
Holborne in *Turpins Rents.* 1640.

THE
ARTS AND CRAFTS

OF A PIONEER

SOLLO

AND OTHER

STORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE
ARTS AND CRAFTS



THE HISTORY OF THE

LONDON

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE



To the truly Noble, and
Virtuous Lady, The Lady
Nevill Brooke.

Madame,

BEhold my one weeks
Meditation, which
is yours all the year;
so I presume it may
not come unseasonable to you
now, though that dolorous time
be past, and a more joyfull one
ensued. Even so it is, by the

The Epistle

way of sorrow, we must arrive to
joy, which none in the next life
can perfectly participate of
with our Saviour Christ, with-
out part of his pain and suffer-
ings in this. Though not by
Passion, yet by Compassion at
least. So, where the effect
wants, if the will want not, it
is sufficient.

You (Madam) are (we
know) of more Eminency of
Fortune, then to feele the one,
but of such Eminent devotion,
as the other you are not without
tender

Dedictory.

*tender feeling of, which makes
me with more Confidence, ap-
proach this to your fair hands,
who yeild to none, in truly ho-
nouring you,*

RICH: FLECKNOX

To

To the
(if thou knowest it not) thou mayest,
from this Ode of mine.

(1)

Free as I was borne I'll live,
So should everie wise man do:
Only fools they are, that give
Their freedoms to I know n

(2)

If my weaknesse cannot
But 'tmust go; what e're
Some more strong than I
Can make good what I h

(3)

Still some excellencie shou
More i'th' Master, than the Sla
Which in others till I see,
None my libertie shall have.

(4)

Nor is't excellencie enough,
Time nor Chance can mar or make;
But 'tmust be more lasting stufte,
Shall from me my freedome take.

Where-

Townie-Reader.

(5)

Wherefore beautie never shall
On my libertie intrude :
And proud greatnesse least of all,
Cause 'tis proud, once to conclude.

(6)

Those to whom I'll give away,
That which none too deare can buy,
shall be made of better clay,
and have better soules than I.

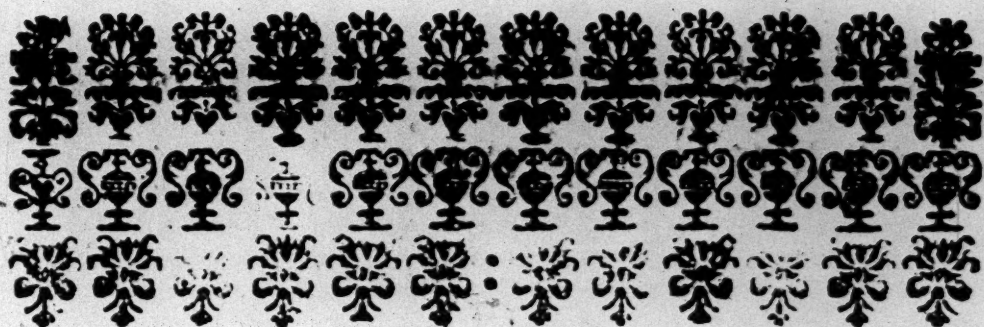
*For the Treatise it selfe, by reason
are but too many of that deprav-
pallate, to whom all seems insi-
and disgustfull, that is, seasoned
with any taste of pietie, to occur to
such infirme appetites, I have served
up their meat in little pieces, thus cut
up unto their hands, which in greater
perhaps they would not like so well.
To make it a more spreading work, if
I would, I cou'd have beat it thinner,
(the*

Dedication

And didst thou give me
this volume of thy
poetry to read in
thy house, in the
presence of thy
family?

RICHARD B. BROWN

To



To
The Towne-Reader.

TO tell thee true, I am
both sorrie and asha-
med, to have spent so
many idle houres with
thee; and therefore to
avoyd the expence of more, have reti-
red me from the Towne. This then
to thee, is in part of acknowledge-
ment of it, as of purpose to amend;
and as this shall find acceptance, so
expect at convenient leisure to heare
from me againe. For my disposition

To the
*(if thou knowest it not) thou mayest,
from this Ode of mine.*

(1)

Free as I was borne I'll live,
So should everie wise man do:
Only fools they are, that give
Their freedoms to I know not who.

(2)

If my weaknesse cannot save it,
But 't must go; what e're it cost:
Some more strong than I shall have it,
Can make good what I have lost.

(3)

Still some excellencie should be
More i'th' Master, than the Slave,
Which in others till I see,
None my libertie shall have.

(4)

Nor is't excellencie enough,
Time nor Chance can mar or make;
But 't must be more lasting stuffe,
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To make it a more spreading work, if
I would, I cou'd have beat it thinner,
(the*

To the

(the matter was plyable enough unto the hammer) but I like not works of that raritie, defined by the Philosopher, Sub magna quantitate substantia parva. And hold in books as in coyne, those of most value in least quantitie the best. That I am so frequent in Latin citation, those I am sure who are verst in the language, will easily pardon it; the rest, I hope, will not be difficile, when they shall find in the reading, the sense compleat without it. If any demand, why then I inserted it, I answer, works of this fabrick, consolidate and built upon authority of holy Writ, without frequent Texts of it, for foundation and cement, are worthily esteemed, but weake and loose-written things. Now that I chose the Latin to any other

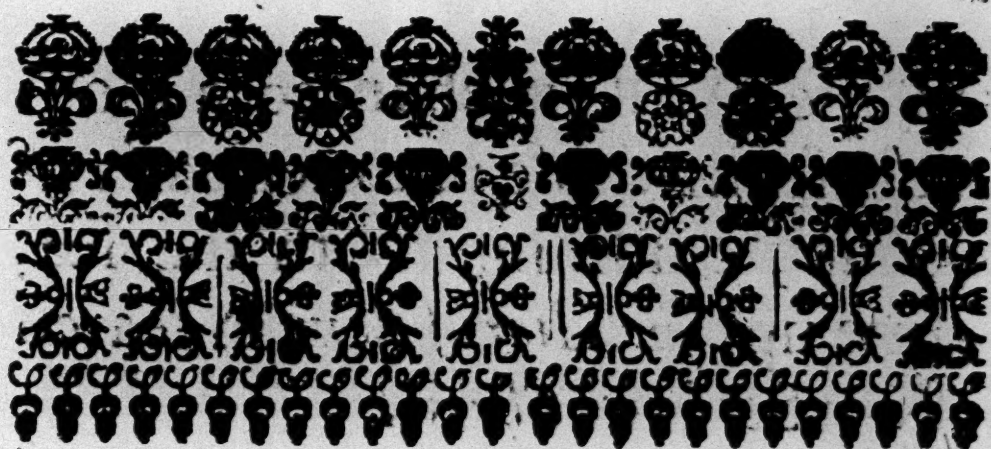
Towne-Reader.

other vulgar; I presumed, as a builder, they would give me leave to provide my materials, when I supposed them at best hand to be got. But I detain thee too long in the porch, unlesse with Malchus thou thinkest much to have an eare in the passion: Enter the work, and if thou receivest but as much profit in reading, as I intended thee in writing, we shall both be happy in it. Farewell:


R. F.

1
1770

Received of the Honble the East India Company
the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds
for the purchase of one hundred and fifty
pieces of cloth for the use of the
Company's servants and family
at the rate of one pound for each piece
the said sum being paid by the
Company's order to the
Honble the East India Company
at the rate of one pound for each piece
the said sum being paid by the
Company's order to the
Honble the East India Company



THE
AFFECTIONS
OF A PIOUS SOUL
TO OUR
Saviour Christ.

 Upon that day (never
to be forgotten, nor
ever without teares
to be remembred)
which stands mark
to all posteritie, with the black
note upon it, of his death, who is
the

2 *The Affections of*

the life of all, is chanced a pious soule from those remoter parts of *Gallilee*, confining with the sea, came up to *Hierusalem* in search of our Saviour Christ.

Where being arived, shee found all in noyse and uprore; most part with thronging haste, flocking towards the Temple, and whispering some what of strange and admirable as they past along; the rest in the streets effused, and waving up and downe with the tide of severall passions, here one exulting with insolent joy, another there as much depressed with griefe: this, silently weeping; that, loudly jocund; so as you would have imagined both joy and griefe had inhabited there together

gether (as their extremes, they say, do neere confine.) And if (as Painters note) the same lines serve to delineate both weeping and laughter too, you had seene them both exprest unto the life, in one piece there; both yet set off with a deep shadow of admiration.

Whereupon, she meeting with none, of whom seasonably shee might demand the cause of such discrepant affection: And easily conjecturing him she sought (the exactest rule of order) there, no where to bee found where such disorder was, retired her selfe to that part of the Citie, where Mount Calvary, like a swelling tumour arises on its side, both after so long journey to repose her wearied

4 *The Affections of*

wearied limbs, as also in silence and solitude of the place, to recollect a while from noyse and clamour of the Citie multitude.

Here she was no sooner come, but behold a strange and horrid spectacle met her amazed eye. It was of three crosses erected on the Mount, whereon Death it seemes had affixed in trophie of that daies victorie, three persons crucified; one of which (hee whole Crosse stood in the middest, more eminent than the rest) as one of more regard, was circumstanced with a lamentable and lamenting sort of women, weake of sex, yet of mightie griefe, few in number, but equall to many in affliction, the woes of a thousand being in every one.

At

At sight of whom she straight
drew towards the place; (led
by compassion, animating her
on, with this noble thought:
how she being a member of the
universall body, the griefe of e-
verie one was in part her own.)
Where being arived; shee might
perceive Mary the mother of Je-
sus, Mary her sister of Cleophas,
and Mary Magdalen to be three
of them, with whom being
long conjoynd in affection; by
holy sympathy, shee soone be-
came familiar with their griefe,
ere with their cause of grieving;
and wept to see them weep.

So long she continued weeping,
& as long ignorant, why (griefe
B having

6 *The Affections of*

having so stopt up the passages of their voyces, they could not arive to words, and her teares drawne such a watry curtaine before her eyes, shee could not discerne who they bemoaned so, only thus much shee might perceive, his face (whosoever he was) was so defaced with bloud, as a cleerer and lesse clouded eye than hers, might well be excused, its not reading the contents of it; untill at length, one of that sorrowfull company giving first a heave or two, like one oppressed under some ponderous waight, to raise her words above her woes, burst forth into this short exclamation,

a pious Soule, &c. 7

on, O Iesu, Iesu; and said no more.

At this shee strait great with suspicion (as sorrow is ever pregnant of suspect to be delivered of it, (like those who seeke what willingly they would not find, and but hunt their owne feares with curiositie) demanded of another, who it was they lamented so. When she surveying her with a wondring eye:
“ And are you alone (said shee)
“ so much stranger not only to
“ Hierusalem, but to the world,
“ to be ignorant who they have
“ crucified here. Can you feele
“ the earth-quake under you,
“ and not know it is for his suf-
B 2 “fering

8 The Affections of

“feting who made the earth?

“Can you behold the Heavens;

“like Sun and Moone, lost in

“Cimmerian darknesse, and not

“perceive her who enlightned

“them is her contriptions? Looke

“upon yonder flock, it selfe

“ (senselesse as it is) in that instant

“as he died, and what a heart

“have you then, not to bee so

“much as sensible of his death?

“But forget my selfe, and

“whilst I seek to find you out

“a griefe (by invasion of speech)

“have almost lost mine owne;

“wherefore let me tell you in a

“word, and then make good

“my silence; It is Iesus of Naza-

“reth they have crucified here.

At

At hearing of which, it was
no griefe, no passion of the li-
ving that ceazed her; but such
a stupiditie, as death could not
have rendred her more immova-
ble for the time, so true it is, *Curae
leves loquuntur ingentes stupent:*
Senec. Untill at last, as if but
then, the flood-gates of her tears
were drawen up, they gushed
forth in such abundance, as if
each drop had stroven to fall
first to the ground. In so much,
as had you beheld *Niobe* wee-
ping her childrens losse, you had
seene an image, & but an image
only of her weeping him; and
yet in this excelsse of teares and
griefe, as if she had beene all de-
fective

10 *The Affections of*

fective to extimulate her heart,
the more to grieve, and excitate
affection to weep the more: In
a sad and mournfull accent shee
delivered this,

To excitate the affection.

*Am I a Christian then, or no?
I can behold Christ suffering so,
And feele no roe?*

*Though none, yet soft humanitie
Shew'd make one man commiserate,
When he beholds another die,
Such interest hath he in the State:
Soverie Infidels we see,
Are not from pitie free.*

*Then am I man, or am I none?
That can consider him as one,
And make no moane?*

*Yet were I none, the Sun, the Moone,
And such as but his creatures are,
would*

a pious Soule, &c. I I

*would cause me feeble his suffrings soone,
Vnlesse I were more senslesse far,
More dull than verie rocks and stones,
That now burst forth in groanes.*

*Am I a creature then, or not ?
That my Creators so hard lot
Should be forgot ?
For sure I'm none; but nothing I
Can let (yet let not one teare fall)
Both God and man, and Maker dye,
As I were not concern'd withall:
Nothing 'mongst Christians, Creatures,
Am I ? or worser then ? (men*

*Oh me, the whilst worthy of deepest hell,
If I without a teare can see dim dye,
More Infidell than Infidell, (am I.
More stone than stones; les man, the man*

*Having done this, shee began
to weep againe; then shreek; as
B 4 if*

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if her soule would with her
 voyce have sallyed forth, ac-
 companying her lamentations
 now with wringing her hands,
 now tearing her haire; Archi-
 tect Sorrow never contriving
 building, where was more va-
 rietie of sad prospective; untill
 at last *Eccho* being sooner wea-
 ried with repeating her plaints
 than she with uttering them, to
 give it ease a while, though not
 her selfe, shee set her silent
 thoughts to task with the ac-
 count of what her deerly Belo-
 ved had done & suffered for her,
 summing up everie particular
 most exact and carefully, as it
 was delivered her in Inventory,
 by

by one was present there:

As first (and in generall) how voluntarily hee offered himselfe to sufferance for us: *Oblatus est quia ipse voluit: Isa. 53.* Even to the pointing out himselfe unto them, who came to apprehend him with an *Ego sum*: Whence (said shee) wee may collect, (If we would be reciprocall) there is a kind of will and forwardnesse requisite on our parts, in suffering for him againe.

Next and in particular, what sufferings they were, he offered himselfe unto; As how not one part alone, but all, even from head to foot, everie sense of him, and the whole exterior and interior

14 *The Affections of*

terior man, was even surfettèd (as it were) with the bread of dolour and affliction *Saturabitur opprobriis, &c.*

His head crowned with thornes, and those such rigid and sharp-pointed ones, as the very skin of it was wholly separated from the skull, whilst those cruell Pioners digged all his blood out of that precious Mine. His face livid and swolne with the unmercifull souldiers heavy Iron Gantlets bruizing and buf-feting it; His shoulders gall'd with supporting his heavy Crosse, which, Oh with what excessive paine hee did! whilst they (all raw before with their scour-

scourging) were, in that dolorous prease, even squeezed (as it weare) to a flat cake of congealed blood and gore. Then, to have his armes violently wracked out, whilest they nayled his hands unto the Crosse; What a torment that! For the nayles entering the most sinuous parts of them, and they shrinking (as things naturally do) at sence of paine, the fleshy, which were nayled to't, and could not recoyl nor give, must of necessity be violently divulsed from them. As for his scourged body, it was all torne and mangled with their bloody whips: Wherefore at one glance of the eye to passe it over,

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over, as too pitious a spectacle
 long to be look'd upon, & come
 to his boared feet. How those
 huge boystrous Nayles must
 needs have torne & riven them,
 whilst his dying body hung
 swayed upon them with all its
 weight, is not without horroure
 and cold sweat to be imagined;
 'Mean while, what vying was
 there betwixt his hands & feet,
 which should indure most pain
 and torment (all at his cost, God
 knowes) What tossing and re-
 tossing of his dolorous life with
 suffering betwixt them? Now
 this taking it at rebound, now
 that, till lighting in death's haz-
 zard, the sport ended; A cruell
 sport the while! Then

Then for his Senses, how were they all tormented in him, and he in all of them! His eyes in seeing nothing but what disconsolate and afflicted him; either his Enemies rejoycing at his suffering (which commonly as much agravates, as pity alleviates the paine o' th' sufferer) or else his friends (those few poore friends he had) so extreemly grieving at it, as even derived from them, a fresh grief to him again, and forced him the comforted, to become their their Comforter. *Filie Hierusalem nolite flere super me, &c. Luk. 23. 28.* His ears played upon from every side, with whole volleyes of fearfull blasphemies,

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phemies, as : *alios salvos fecit se-
ipsum non potest saluum facere*;
He could save others, and cannot
save himselfe *Matth. 27. 42.* Or
else with such bitter scornes and
taunts as these ; *Si Rex Israel est
descendat de cruce &c.* Let him
now descend from the Crosse
if he be the King of *Israel. Ibid.*
which to a man sensible of his
honour had been most grievous;
but to a God most intolerable
(unlesse perhaps he were ena-
moured of griefe as sure he was
that day, even to Espouse it on
the Crosse and take denominati-
on from thence, of *vir dolorum*,
the very husband of it, as *Esaïas*
had prophcyed of him long be-
fore)

fore) For his smelling I will not offend the nice & delicate with commemorating the abhominable stench of those filthy and loathsome Crachets (the very Entrails of the Jewes malice) hung clottering in his face, that face in *quem desiderant Angeli prospicere*: Which so much delighted the Angels to behold, of which then they might well say indeed, *vidimus eum & non erat ei species neq; decor*, that they had seen it, and there was neither feature nor beauty in it. For his taste, to have nothing administered it to sweeten the bitternesse of death, but Gall and Vinegar; When for other Malefactors
most

20 *The Affections of*

most pleasant wines were allowed & provided at the publike cost, O it was cruell ! barbarous cruell that ! But he foresaw it necessary for us (whilst we live here where the wheele of affliction, with variety of new suffering every day fetches its turne about us) to have for Imitation his great Example of patiently suffering all. For his feeling, we have spoken of that before, if it were not altogether unspeakable what he felt,

But alas all this of the exterior compared to his Interior sufferings, is but as a single drop of water to the whole Ocean or the Center point of Earth, unto the
the

the vast circumference of Heaven; for the soule, as an instrument strung with finer strings than the body, is of more delicate resentment, more sensible of everie little touch; And how rudely did they play upon it? Hee could not speake to them, though nothing but sugar and honey, like the Bridegroom in the Canticles; but in churlish and bitter speech they repartyed againe. If in soft and silken phrase he question'd them, either in pure dildaine and spight, they not vouchsaf'd him answer: So, *Si interrogavero, non respondebitis mihi, &c.* Luk. 22. Or else it was in words, as hard as Semai's to

C

David

22 *The Affections of*

David were, everie one accompanied with a stone, so crosse, so contrarie were they in words unto him : But in action, it goes a thought beyond imagination, how contrarie they were, putting sinister interpretation still, to disguise the right meaning, on whatsoever he did. If he cured their sick, it was to breake their *Sabbaoth* ; if he cast their *Devils* out, it was in the name of *Beelzebub*. They held him for *Libertine*, if hee eat or drunk with them, if not for *Samaritan*; so well hee might say of them; *Cecinimus vobis, & non saltastis; lamentavimus, & non planxistis; &c.* *Mat. 11.* but they went further yet.

Pericles

a pious Soule, &c. 23

Pericles could say of the Samians (not content with courtesies they received from those of Athens) that they were, *Infantibus similes, qui cibum non nisi illachrymando admittebant, &c.* Plutarch. Like children, who whilst they were benefited, cryed: But what should one say of these? Never men borne in the disgrace of better Nature, had such antipathy with their best good, as they: For marke how this perverse, wicked, and viperous generation (out-doing spight it selfe) requir'd him for love with hatred; for good, with ill; and for honouring them, with dishonouring him againe.

C 2

And

24 *The Affections of*

And first of their hatreds to him, let this be sufficient argument, that they could not so much as endure his sight (and when wee once withdraw our eyes from any one, 'tis signe we have withdrawne our affection before) but whilst he projected such right and full beames of love on them, as even reflected them to his very hart; the sons of *Jacob* never, with more oblique & auerted eyes, beheld their brother *Josepb*, than they did him. Now if (as they say) the chieftest attraction of love bee love, and he holds no commerce with humanitie, who will nor give, nor take affection: What should
one

one think or say of this malignitie? But for more ample declaration of their inhumanitie to him, wee are to note; how that hate and aversion from a thing, which the more civill creature doth expresse by simple flight and avoydance; the more savage and efferate doth by violent assault: So Naturalists observe in the wild Bull, such hatred and nocivenesse to man, as but object unto it the picture of one, and presently with horne & hoofe it furiously sets upon it. And mark now, if they did not the like by him, when *Pilat* proposing him unto them with an, *Ecce homo*, Behold the man; they

C 3

instantly

26 *The Affections of*

stantly bellowed out, *Crucifige, crucifige eum*; Let him be crucified; so as hee might well say of them, *Tauri pingues obsiderunt me*; that hee was encompassed with Bulls on everie side. But the prooffe of love consisting in action, *Probatio (enim) amoris, exhibitio est operis, &c. Greg.* Let us from thence behold his love to them, as their hatreds to him againe, and so consider how they rewarded him, for good with ill.

You know wee have compassion for none, but those wee have passion for; and where the soyle is hate, there pitie never growes. Now what compassi-
on

on had he for them? *Miserior super turbam*, &c. and that not only in words, but in effect, multiplying bread for the hungrie, and for the thirstie, (for those who were necessitous) hee (as we may say) turned stones into water; for the delicious, hee turned water into wine (sweetly violencing all natures but theirs the while) for their sick, he restored them unto health, their dead unto life againe. (To say nothing of his spirituall benefits, since they were of nature so carnall, they had scarce a capacitie of them) and how did they requite him? *Audite cæli, & obstupescite!*

28 *The Affections of*

So little compassion had they of him, as when he came to die; at what time others hate leaves the condemned to pitie, these pursue him farther than ever any's did (within the limits of humanitie) not only to death, but even after it, when, *Unus militum lancea latus ejus aperuit et continuo exivit sanguis et aqua*: One of the Souldiers pierced his side with a lance, and presently there streamed forth bloud and water. A barbarisme and inhumanitie, no water could expiate enough, but that which then issued from his sacred side; no fire, but of that charitie which made him then shed his last drop of bloud.

But

But to proceed; for his food, they repayed him with the bread of dolour, *panem doloris*, &c. and for his drink, with gall and vinegar. Their infirmities, as fast as he took them of them, they laid them upon him: *Infirmities nostras ipse portavit*, &c. And lastly, for giving them life, they crucified him to death, oh unheard of ingratitude! unparallel'd wickednesse, never to be wrapt up in silence, nor never unfolded in speech, but with detestation! men worthy to be banished humane societie, so little of man they had in them! but whither? for beasts were lesse beasts than they, *Bos enim cognovit*

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cognovit possessorem suum, &c. Devils, lesse Devils; for they acknowledged him yet the son of God: *Quid mihi et tibi est Jesu fili Dei altissimi, &c.* As things then worsethan man, beast, or Devill; let them still be Jewes, sacrilegious in all, both to the God that made them, and the god they made; which if it were *selfe-interest* (as of most wicked mortals it is) most sacrilegious were they even to that. Now how for honoring them, they repayed him with dishonouring him againe; and how whilst (in a manner) his whole endeavour was to exalt them above all other people, theirs only was

was under all others to depreſſe
and abate him for it: *Quaſi op-
probrium hominum et abjeſtio ple-
bis*, holding him (as the Prophet
ſaid) for the moſt abjeſt of peo-
ple, and opprobrious of men;
there needs no other testimony
of it, but that one act of theirs,
of preferring a *Barrabas* to him;
Non hunc ſed Barrabam, &c. A
ſeditious, to one who inſtructed
them in nothing but meekneſſe
and humilitie, *Discite a me quia
mitis ſum et humilis corde, &c.* A
thiefe to one who had given
them all they had: *De cujus ple-
nitudine omnes accepimus.* And a
murderer to him, from whom
they had receiv'd their very lives
and

32 *The Affections of*

lives and being, *In ipso enim vivimus, movemur et sumus, &c.* O good God! — But it is better to say nothing here, then not to say enough; and let Silence, the tongue of Admiration, take up, where ours of necessitie must leave: This was such an affront, such an indignitie! as (we may imagine) sunk (heavie as lead) so deep into the bottome of his divine hart, no humane thought hath fathome-line enough to sound the depth of it. Wherefore, as a thing wholly inscrutable, let us give it over.

Whilst this was discoursed unto her, in that method and order as we have set it downe,
you

you might perceive her, by often
varying colour; gesture of bo-
dy, and motion of the eye, ta-
king all the severall formes of
griefe, of pitie, of indignation,
and the like, as in so tender a
soule could be imprest, till ari-
ving to this last period, she was
so brimfull of affection, as able
to containe no more: Thus at
the foot of the crosse shee pow-
red it forth.

The Affection.

A Dithyrambus in contemplation of
our Saviour crucified.

O God, and is it thou
I see here suffring under their hands now,
Vnder whose feet both heaven and earth
And is it thou? I heare (do bow,
Them

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Them so blaspheme, as my affrighted eare
Even tingles with dire horror of 't, and
O mee, (feare?

What do I heare and see? (seeing,
O eares amaz'd with hearing, eyes with
O endles goodnesse of an endles being!

Deare heart, that hadst the heart,
With such a life o part:

Deare life that, couldst forgoe

A soule that lov'd thee so,

And O deare soul wouldst take

So sad farewel for my unworthy sake:

And hast thou done all this for me?

For all this then, what shall I do for thee?

When thou demand'st it, shall I grutch

Thee this small hart, as twere too much?

Shall I be so peorly neere,

To hold my life for thee too deere?

Or think my soule too much for thee,

Who nothing thoughtst enough for me?

Oh no, I am thy thrall,

And here before thee prostrat esfall

Offring up heart, life, soule, and all.

And

And being armed with this strong and vertuous resolve, how shee longed like some young and noble Warriour, to experience her yet untried force and valour, in the encounter with some adversarie prime, perplexitie, or distresse, might put her bravely to it; that whilst in any part or sense of her, shee, found a difficultie in the fight, she presently might say: "This
"this my Saviour, for my sake
"would have made nothing of, and slight it so. Or if shee fainted, or lost heart cry out with that great Champion of the Apostles, *Quis nos seperabit à charitate Christi*, &c. What is it can
seperate

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seperate us from the charitie of Christ? *Tribulatio, an angustia?* &c. Encouraging her selfe, and resuming a strength from thence to dare and challenge the worst of affliction. And this from no selfe-presumption neither (shee well knowing how of her selfe she could do nothing) *Non quasi ex nobis aliquid, &c.* But from the confidence, or rather assurance, she had in him who afflicted her, *Omnia possum in eo qui me confortat, &c.* “No, no, (would shee say) I can doe nothing I, but God and I can do all: And if any imagine it a presumption to name my selfe with God, let them know I hold

“hold it a greater presumption
“for any to name themselves
“without him.

How gladly for his sake
would shee have embraced a
contumely and scorne, would
have abhorr'd an eye of flesh &
bloud (I meane such eyes as the
Devill opened in Paradise long
since; not such as our Saviour
opened on the Crosse to day)
How greedily would shee have
put up an injurie and affront, e-
ven as a jewell in the cabinet of
her heart, to weare on that gene-
ral day, when all our braverie
here, shall be quite out of fashi-
on, and they onely accounted
gloriously brave, who have such
D jewels

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jewels as those to wear : And never stood on such nice termes, the whilst, as : “ Had I deserved “ it, it would never have grieved “ me, or from any, but such and “ such from whom I least expected it, it had beene far more “ tollerable, &c. And (I pray) from whom could our Saviour lesse have expected the payment of these injuries and affronts (which past so currantly with him) than from the Jewes, whom he had obliged not only with all the ties of Humanitie, but of Divinitie too ? Who ever stood more out of the way of contempt and scorn than he ? by birth, above all exception noble,

ex stirpe Davidis, &c. borne of the Royall Stem: of such dignitie of aspect, as it was said of him, *Speciesus forma prae filiis hominum*: He was faire and lovely above the sons of men. And to conclude, of life and manners so irreprehensible, as hee put his verie enemies to it, with urging them, *Quis ex vobis arguet me de peccato?* &c. to find out a blame or fault in him. And let any now that find themselves agrieved, they are not respected according to their merits and deserts, examine where they ever have deserved so much of respect as he, and had so little paid, and if they finde it so, I'll say they

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have reason and just cause to
complaine indeed. No, these
are but rags of patience the poor
and wretched soule puts on,
whilst the gallant and richer
scornes to weare such piec'd-up
stuffe; this is for those who ne-
ver endeavour to limbe and pour-
traiture in the table of their
hearts; any brave and noble
piece, because they never take
patterne by any but base and ig-
noble ones. *Inspice & fac secun-
dum exemplar quod tibi in monte
monstratum, &c.* Did they but
consider our Saviours sufferings,
their own would shrink to no-
thing in comparifon.

Which whilst she considered,
it

a pious Soule, &c. 41

it made her so brave in purpose
and resolution, as even death it
selfe would have appeared love-
ly and amiable to her, which
now since hee died for us, to
those who truly love him, even
seemes to have exchanged darts
with love indeed : As thus they
fable it :

*Love and death o'th' way once meeting,
Having past a friendly greeting,
Sleep, their wearie eye-lids closing,
Laid 'em downe, themselves reposing :
Love, whom divers cares molested,
Could not sleep ; but whilst death rested,
All in haste away he posts him,
But his haste full^d deerly costs him.
For it chanc'd that going to sleeping,
Both had given their darts in keeping
Vnto Night, who, Errors mother,*

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*Blindly knowing not one from t'other,
Gave Love deaths, and ne're perceiv'd it,
Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it:
Since w^{ch} time their darts confounding,
Love now kills in stead of wounding:
Death a joy in hearts distilling,
Sweetly wounds in stead of killing.*

And thus in various cogitation she wandred about (Moun^t Calvary affording a large and ample field for her devotion to exspaciate in) her pious thought still going in circle from her Beloved unto her selfe, and from her selfe to him againe, untill at last it was suddenly surprized by the unexpected arrivall of some new-commers there, who tending directly towards the crosse, made

made her feare some ill intention in it, till espying *Joseph of Aramathee*, a principall amongst them, she assured her feares, there was nothing but good intended; as indeed their comming onely was, to take downe the body from the Crosse, and bury it. To which every one lending a ready and pious hand, it had soone beene done, had not this impediment occurred in the doing it, that their griefes for his death rendred them so nigh dead themselves, as they scarcely could performe the offices of the living; and those who swounded not for love of him, would swoune for verie sorrow they

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loved him not enough, confirming what they report with admiration of the effects of divine love.

O heavenly darts
Of love, unto heaven loving hearts;
Whether ye wound or spare,
How equally yee mortall are?
For if yee wound them, presently
They with the sweetnesse dye;
And if yee spare 'em, then
With bitternesse they dye agen.

O sacred flame
To hearts, once melted in the same,
Whether or no yee burne,
How both to their destruction turne?
For if yee burne, they presently
In flames consume and dye:
If not, in teares they then
Consume, and dye agen.

a pious Soule, &c. 45

So as like two mayes that run
Their severall course, then joyne in one;
And whilst diversly they tend,
One and the same is still their end.
So both equally destroy,
Be it sorrow, be it joy;
Or in water, or in flame,
The end of both is still the same.

Neither is it to be so much admired, they thus could dye (as it were) for him; but the greatest wonder is, that they could live, now hee was dead who was their very life; hee who had so many attractive sweets in him, as drew all to him; but such, who like Scarrebs delighted to live in stench, *Curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum*; &c.
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He

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Hee who had such divine magick in his face, as charm'd all that beheld it, and was of so ravishing entertainment besides, hee spake all flame and fire; *Nonne cor nostrum ardens in nobis erat dum loqueretur, &c.* Able to burne and dissolve the ice of as many hearts, as ever the cold of death, or tepiditie had frozen up, provided that venomous serpent had not first fixt its black tooth in them; for then the *Polinctori* will tell you, that hearts envenom'd will not burne. No wonder then (I say) that him who they so loved living, they so lamented dead: It being by Natures Lawes decreed, wee then

then should love things most passionately and deereſt, when wee were deprived of them: Whether because the appetitive & irraſcible power, then joyntly move more ſtrongly towards the object, than can joy alone in the fruition of it; or that our ſharp appetite of things wee want is ſoone blunted with the enjoying them. Certaine it is, whatſoever the cauſe be, ſuch is the effect, as they well experienced everie one of them; his bleſſed mother, whilſt ſhee called to mind, what a deere and amiable ſon; his friends, what a true and conſtant friend; and what a kind and loving Maſter his
Disciples

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Disciples had lost of him: In remembrance of which, when they had buried him (as with all due rites and ceremonies of griefe they did: his sacred mother embalming him with her teares, the holy *Magdalen* with her sweet unguents, for which her memorie is so precious in the Gospell, as there never occurs mention of any, but her name enters as an Ingredient.) They departed each one with somewhat to foment their memories of him: One, with the thought of his sweet and gentle conversation of life; another, with that of the excessive love he declared unto them in death.

Amongst

a pious Soule, &c. 49

Amongst the rest, our pious
Soule, ever to have a memoriall
of his passion, digged him a new
monument in her bosome,
and buried him in
her heart.

FINIS.
